Heraclitus Ridens:

AT

A Dialogue between Jeſt and Earneſt, concerning the Times.

Tueſday, Octob. the 25th. 1681.

Jeſt. DID you never hear of a little Penny-poſt Pocket Devil in your life?

Earn. Never, I proteſt, what kind of Countrey Sprite is that?

Jeſt. Oh, it is a little Tutty-nos'd yappeting Sprite; the Good *old Cauſes* Lap-Dog; ſhe plays him at the ſhins of *Heraclitus*, and the *Obſervator*, 'Loo my Dog Tutty, and then does he ſo wrangle and ſnarl; ſpeak to 'em Tutty, and preſently he is as fierce as a Gooſe, and does ſo mumble their heels.

Earn. Come prithee explain; what do you mean by this little metaphorical Puppy?

Jeſt. What ſhould I mean, but a certain little ſhock Whig, who is as fierce as a Lion, and as like one of your *Smith-field* Lions, as ever he can peke out of his Nyes; only he has not ſo many brains in his Head as one of them.

Earn. Well, and what of this little Pocket-peny-poſt Sprite of a Lion? you'l make a very fine thing on't anon.

Jeſt. Ay, before I have done ſo I ſhall; Oh, 'tis the ſtateſt little nangry Fool, it would, if it could, do worry the Anti-Whiggian Triumvirate, *Nobs*, *Harry*, and Loyal Drumſtick ſo it would, I'le warrant you it would not leave a whole bone in their ſkins.

Earn. What does he do to them?

Jeſt. You muſt know this thing does ſo belabour them with Queres by the Penny-poſt; a penny a week beſides all the ſtudying: he's at vaſt charges and pains, but the miſchief on't is, he cannot ſpell yet, he breaks *Priſcians* head in *Engliſh*.

Earn. But if he ſpends all upon the main ſtock at this rate, he'l be undone: What? lay out his Money and his Brains too, and no comings in?

Jeſt. Oh, never fear him, he's like a Spider, he'l ſpin out the very guts of his Brains; he's well ſtock'd with Cobweb and Poiſon: but beſides, you know the zeal of the Whigs is great; he'l get a Contribution among them for this *ſecret ſervice*.

Earn. Come, let's hear a little of his Puſhpin Labours.

Jeſt. You muſt not expect Wit, for he's too angry to have any.

Earn. I confeſs, Sage does very well with Calves brains, but if it be not to be had, we muſt e'n take 'em as we find them.

Jeſt. Don't you remember the Sermon of a famous Whig in the late times, who raiſed this Doctrine from his Text, That the Worm *Jacob* was a threſhing Worm, look to your hits, for here's a threſhing Worm I promiſe you, and they ſay there is no fence for a Flayl.

Earn. You do ſo love to enhance the Market, and raiſe Expectation, what will this thing be at laſt?

Jeſt. Why, for peace and quietneſs ſake, it ſhall be a thraſhing Worm then, a Penny-poſt Maggot, a Letter Grub, or ſo forth.

Earn. Let us ſee this thraſhing Maggot.

Jeſt. That you ſhall, and feel him too, You ſhall ſee him do his weak endeavour, as the man did, that thraſh'd in his Cloak. As for Example, Enter Maggot with a Quere *whether if* Heraclitus *could but get as oft as he wants, a Dot of* Oxford Tools; *he wood not hang up the* Proteſtants *as faſt as they burnt 'um in* Queen Marys *days?* there's your Maggot of a Whig for you; there's your brave Penny-poſt Loyalty; there's a touch and an half for your *Oxford* Jury, for finding a Traytor guilty of conſpiring to ſeize the King, &c.

Earn. Tell him, if they be *Colledg* or *Maggot Proteſtants*, they deſerve to be hang'd as faſt as they can, but go on.

Jeſt. whether Heraclitus *is not rarly well pleaſed with the miſerable uſage of the* Diſſenters *in* France, *and whether his britch is not on fire to have it ſo here?*

Earn. Nay, now I find, it is not only a ſeditious, but a lying Maggot; for *Harry* and I were talking t'other day very ſeriouſly about thoſe poor people, and of the Unreaſonableneſs of our Whigs, for whoſe ſakes, he told me, he did verily believe they ſuffered ſo much. For, ſays he, the *French* King having heard of the actions of the 41 Whigs and their Principles of Rebelling, and cutting off Kings heads in order to a thorough Reformation; though the *French* Proteſtants by their actions and writings utterly diſowned the Principles, and declared their abhorrence of the Engliſh Whigs and their Traiterous practices, Covenant, and proceedings, declaring they would one time or other exaſperate the Catholick Princes to endeavour the extirpation of the Reformed Religion, to the Reſtauration of which they gave ſuch a mortal wound; yet the Jeſuits poſſeſſing that great Monarch with the danger of ſuffering them to grow numerous from the deplorable Tragedy acted by the Engliſh Whigs, who will needs claim kindred, and call the Gallican Proteſtants *Brethren*; He ſaid, he thought in his Conſcience was one great reaſon of the ſeverities uſed againſt them; and to mend the matter, the conſideration of the diſturbances the Modern Whigs have given his preſent Majeſty of late (whoſe hands for theſe late years they have all along held from being able to ſupport the Proteſtant Intereſt, or preſerve *Europe* from falling under the Power of *France*) might be another reaſon why the *French* King, though he might favour them and like them well enough in *England*, yet, might not like them ſo well in *France*, but ſuppoſing them to be of the ſame principles, reſolved to bring them under, and prevent their being able to traverſe his great Deſigns.

Jeſt. Nay, moſt aſſuredly the *French* King has not had any aſſiſtance comparable to what our Whigs have given him, while under pretence of the fear of Arbitrary Government, they addreſſed the Commons, as you may ſee in their *Vox Patriæ* and the Speech of a Noble Peer; not to give the King a penny of Money.

Earn. Well! they will Whig us bravely indeed, if by the pretences of the fear of Popery and Arbitrary Government, *Flanders and Germany* ſhould for want of *Englands* being able to poiſe the Ballance, fall into the Scale of *France*; then we may have occaſion to fear Popery and Slavery with a Vengeance; and who have we to thank for puſhing us out of the Frying-pan into the fire, but the Whigs, who when they ſee all their Neighbours Houſes in a blaze, are ſo far from handing a Bucket of Water to quench them, though to ſave their own; that they are blowing up the Coals in their own Chimney to ſet their own houſe on fire for company; this is the true ſtate of our Caſe, and now pray whoſe breech has moſt fire in it, *Harries*, or the Maggots and Whigs? *Harry*, who would keep the *French* from firing our Doublets, by perſuading all Subjects to Loyalty and giving the King Money to ſecure us from theſe Real dangers of Popery and Slavery; or the

Maggot-

Maggot-pated Whigs, who would for fear of imaginary ones, ſet us all a fire at home, and ſan that abroad, till it catch hold of our own houſe? but to prove the thraſhing Worm a lying Grub; *Harry* told me, he had out of Compaſſion to thoſe poor Proteſtant Exiles, given half a Guinea at the collection of the Contribution at his Pariſh Church.

Jeſt. Well! and the Maggot will ſend them by the Penny-poſt, four farthing worth of comfortable Queres.

Earn. What? whither they muſt fly next, if the Whigs can keep the King from Money to enable him to protect either them, or his own Subjects, from the *French?* but pray proceed.

Jeſt. whether the Popes Obſervator *has not ſhow'd himſelf a very wiſe Fool,* (there's a Moorfield Holder-forth for you by the way) *in comparing the laſt ſpeeches of dying Papiſts; whoſe Faith and Religion tells them they ſhall merit Heaven by Lies and Perjuries; to that of a Proteſtant who diſowns any ſuch Faith; and therefore can expect nothing but Hell and damnation, if he dies with a lye in his Mouth?*

Earn. What a tender concern has the poor Worm for the life and reputation of a lying dying Traytor, in compariſon of the life of his Prince? but it is like his Loyalty. Now would I gladly know, from this politick Penny-poſt Maggot, what difference there is between a Proteſtant Traytor and a Popiſh Traytor, between *Garnet, Faux, Winter,* &c. who would have blown up the King and Parliament with Gunpowder under the Houſe, and thoſe Proteſtant Traytors, *Oliver, Ireton, Bradſhaw.* &c. who actually blew up the King and Parliament too at laſt, with Gunpowder out of the Houſe? What is the nice difference between a *Coleman* and a *Colledg?* one, as the Worm ſays, makes Treaſon a piece of his Religion; and the other, makes Religion the foundation of his Treaſon.

Jeſt Well! there's hanging choice that's certain, and the Gallows has decided the Queſtion; but ſince you muſt turn Obſervator, here's a touch for your being a Popiſh Proteſtant.

Earn. That's a Cole-black milk-white Bull; come, away with it, quoth *Waſhington,* it's ſweet Wormwood I warrant you.

Jeſt. whether any man can be ſaid to be a Proteſtant *that ſhall dey in ſuch a Faith as to hope for ſalvation with a ley in his mouth, unleſs it be ſuch a* Popiſh Proteſtant *as the* Obſervator.

Earn. Well, it ſeems *Colledg* was ſuch a Popiſh Proteſtant then, for he died with a whole bundle of lyes and ſlanders about his mouth.

Jeſt. Nay, have at you there too, if that be your play, *Whether any man in delivering a Speech may not miſtake or omit a little of a word contrary to his intent; and whether any man living could make better proviſion againſt ſuch an Errour than* Colledg *did, in affirming that what he had ſaid was true to the beſt of his knowledg.*

Earn. I am glad he will yield *Stephen* could be guilty of Errours and Omiſſions, but that to the beſt of his knowledg he told ſeveral lyes both upon his Trial and at his Execution, has been proved in ſpight of what all the Grubs, Whigs, and Maggots can ſay to the contrary. Well, what's next?

Jeſt. Hel Jinks, come over for the King; no, the Rogue of a Worm won't budg; come over for *Colledg.* Now you ſhall ſee him worry the Kings Evidence, *whether a witneſ may not ſware truth in the* Popiſh Plot, *whare they have no temptation to the contrary;* and *whether the ſame perſons may not be ſuborn'd to ſware falſ in another Caſe, if he has but a bag of Gold for his pains?*

Earn. So, now the Maggot bites indeed at the Kings Evidence; the time was, when diſparaging the Kings Evidence was as much as a mans Ears was worth, but the Whigs will have liberty of Conſcience in every thing. But pray, who ſhould give theſe bags of Gold to the Witneſſes? Not the Papiſts ſure, they will never give bags of gold to thoſe that have ſworn truth in the Popiſh Plot, and ſtill ſtick to what they ſwore.

Jeſt. Come, you're a Novice; who ſhould give bags of Gold but the Tories and Tantivies? who ſhould ſuborn Witneſſes think you but the Penſioners and Maſqueraders?

Earn. Let them be named, that have ſuborned Witneſſes, or given any bags of Gold, that they may be proſecuted and made infamous, if the Whig worms can, or elſe let the Whigs be accounted guilty of lying and abominable Defamation.

Jeſt. Well, ſtand out of his way, for now now the thraſh-Worm comes full rile at you with his Flayl, *Whether the* Pope *will not take it unkindly from his Journyman* Heraclitus, *that he ſhould ſo far relinquiſh his* Presbeterian *Plot as to turn it into a* Republican Plot, *and whether he does not deſerve to forfet his Penſion for ſo doing?* how ſay you, Sir?

Earn. Why, I ſay, if he would find the Popes Journeymen, he muſt look for them in the Conventicles, where Dr. *Oats* ſays upon his Oath they lurk, and do the Popes drudgery; and for *Heraclitus* changing the Pre byterian into a Republican Plot, let him have patience and he will find that change is no robbery; it was becauſe he thought *Republican* more comprehenſive, but ſince the Maggot is ſo nangry; it ſhall be a warning to *Harry* for ſpeaking a ſoft word of the *Presbyterians* again.

Jeſt. Well! all this is but trifling, now you ſhall ſee him thraſh without fear or wit; *whether the* Popes Heraclitus, *and the Popes* Thompſon, *and the Popes* Obſervator, *have thare Penſions paid them at a conſtant Rate or Calary* (which a C) *or whether they don't ſtand to the* Popes *Curtiſi to give them more or les as he pleſis according to the merrit and diſert of thair actions?* you muſt excuſe his Engliſh, he ſpells and ſcolds like an Oyſter-wench.

Earn. Do but mark now the malice of the Whigs, and how boldly they calumniate according to the Jeſuits Maxim, *fortiter calumniare aliquid hærebit,* if there be any faith or truth in a Chriſtian, *Harry* is as found a Proteſtant as any in the Eſtabliſhed Church of *England,* and they may as truly to my knowledg charge him with a Penſion from the Turk or the Devil as the Pope, but whoever dare honeſtly and with a good Conſcience oppoſe the Whigs is preſently the Popes Penſioner, or a *French* Penſioner; and by this you may learn how unjuſtly and groundleſly they charge others with infamous names of *Penſioners, and betrayers of their Country.*

Jeſt. Nay, ne'r trouble your ſelf for that, the whole Nation begins to be ſenſible of their Whiggiſh Arts of ſlandering, lying and evil-ſpeaking, and that the Whigs are moſt likely by all their endeavours to be found the betrayers both of their King and Countrey. But come after all this thraſhing, you ſhall ſee the Letter Grub thraſh his own Coats; *whether* Dangerfield *with his aight pound a week, and the reſt of his Tribe at* 40 s. *a week ware able to do the* Pope *half that ſervice in a month, that theſe* Trumpetters *do him in one week; and whether the* Pope *wood not be very ungratful if he ſhould not be as generous in his Pay as they ar active and vidgelent in his ſervice?* Look you here what Wonders he makes them do in one Quere, and then in the next he gives himſelf the Lye, and makes them able to do juſt nothing; *whether the* Pope *wont think his mony verry il beſtowed when he comes to caſt up his accounts at the Years end; to find what vaſt ſumms he has paid to his* Penſioners for Trumpeting, *and to ſee how little they have gained him by thare Baling?*

Earn. Prethe tell him, they hope the Pope will get as little by them, as the Letter Grub does by thraſhing; and that by theſe preſents, they make over all their right, Intereſt, Title and claim to the *Pope* and his Generoſity, to the aboveſaid Maggot, his heirs, executors, adminiſtrators and Aſſigns for ever, To have and to hold, if he can tell where to catch them.

Jeſt. Well, I aſſure you, here is a world more of ſuch precious ſtuff in vindication of *Colledg,* and twitting the King in giving liberty to *Popiſh Traytors* to converſe with their Friends from day to day during the Hole (with an H) time of their impriſonment.

Earn. Nay, here's enough for nothing: See now, the induſtrious malice of the Whigs, they prate, they print, they preach and pray Sedition, nay, becauſe they will leave no ſtone unturned to poſſeſs people with diſaffection to his Majeſty and the Juſtice and Laws of the Kingdom, they ſet the penny-poſt at work to diſperſe their Sedition, and out of that Quiver unſeen and undiſcoverable ſhoot their envenomed Arrows, wounding the Reputation not only of private perſons, but of the King, Council, Judges, Juries and Witneſſes for acting according to Conſcience and the wholſom and prudent Laws of the Conſtitution of our Government.

Jeſt. Well, every dog has his day; but now you talk of that, pray what's become of our Elephant with his Anabaptiſtical *true Proteſtant Loyalty?*

Earn. Oh! he's gone to graſs with his *Raree Show.*

Jeſt. Why, thus it will be when people ſell Ale and Sedition, all the ſticklers will troop off at the ſame rate one after another.

Earn. The ſooner the better. I am of the Falconers mind, who being tired with an untoward Haggard, uſed to cry, high enough and far enough good Hawk.

Jeſt. Ay, ſo ſay I, high enough and far enough good Buzzards.

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